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JUDGE STORY.



JOSEPH STORY was a son of Elisha Story, a respectable physician, who had been a surgeon in the revolutionary army. He was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, on the eighteenth of September, 1779, and at the age of sixteen entered Harvard College, in the class with William Ellery Channing. Immediately after graduating he commenced with Chief Justice Sewall, of his native town, the study of the law, which he afterward pursued with Mr. Justice Putnam, of Salem, where he was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of his profession, in 1801.

In early life he was a democrat, and of course, living in Essex county, in a minority; but such was his reputation of ability and integrity, that in his twenty-fifth year he was chosen a member of the state house of representatives, to which he was

several times re-elected, and in which he was twice made speaker. He became at once the acknowledged leader, of his party in the legislature, where he used his power with great magnanimity, on many occasions rising above partisan prejudice and dictation, and so serving the people as to win their nearly unanimous applause.

In 1809 he was elected a member of Congress, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Crowninshield, but declined a further service than for the remainder of the term, deeming the excitement of political life incompatible with that devotion to his profession which was necessary to the highest success.

The place made vacant on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States by the death of Judge Cushing, in 1811, was tendered by President

Madison to Mr. John Quincy Adams, at that time in Russia, and declined by him was conferred upon Mr. Story, who was then but thirty-two years of age. So young a man had never before, in England or America, been elevated to so high a judicial position, and much dissatisfaction was occasioned by this appointment; but every regret and apprehension was soon dissipated by the displays of his extensive and accurate professional learning, excellent judgment, perhaps candor, and decided business habits. He remained on the bench until the close of his life, and held no other civil office, except in 1820, when he sat with John Adams, Josiah Quincy, Daniel Webster, and other leading men of Massachusetts, in the convention which revised the constitution of that state.

His judgment in the supreme court of the United States are contained in the Reports of Cranch, Wheaton, Peters and Howard, of which they constitute much more than a just proportion; and those which he delivered in the courts of the first circuit, embracing the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, fill two volumes of Reports by Gallison, five by Mason, three by Summer, and two by William Story. It is generally admitted that these learned and elaborate performances, on a vast variety of difficult and complicated questions, some of which were entirely new, are not inferior in comprehensiveness, clearness and soundness, to any in the English language.

In 1829 Mr. Nathan Dane, one of the wisest and purest men who have lived in this nation, founded a professorship of law in Harvard College; and by a condition of the endowment, Judge Story became the first occupant of the chair. He had already made acceptable presents to the profession in his Selection of Pleadings, and in his editions of Chitty on Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes, and Lord Tenterden on the Law of Shipping, to both of which he added many valuable notes. The delivery of courses of lectures, in Dane Hall, upon the law of nature, the laws of nations, maritime and commercial law, equity law, and the constitutional law of the United States, led to the preparation of that series of great works upon which his reputation chiefly rests, and which have made his name familiar in all the high parliaments judicatures and universities of the world. The first of these was Commentaries on the Law of Bailments, which appeared in 1832. This was followed in 1833 by Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, prefaced by a consti-

tutional history of the colonies, and of the states under the confederation. This work, which is of great interest to the student in history as well as to the lawyer, he subsequently abridged, that it might be used as a class book in the schools. In 1834 appeared in three volumes his *Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws*, in which the opposing laws of different nations are treated with especial reference to marriages, divorces, wills, successions and judgments. It is regarded as the most original and profound of his works, and was the first upon the subject in the English language. In 1836 were published his *Commentaries on Equity and Jurisprudence*, in two volumes, and in 1838 his *Commentaries on Equity Pleadings*, two works which were equal to his reputation and which were received by the profession with unhesitating approval. He subsequently published *Commentaries upon the Laws of Agency, Partnership, Bills of Exchange, and Promissory Notes*, but they were composed with less care, and though valuable, might have been written quite as well by a much inferior man.

Although Judge Story must be regarded as a lawyer of the first class, it cannot be said that in this class he was pre-eminent. Marshall, Hamilton, Parsons, Kent and some others had in various respects merit of precedence, though perhaps not one of these celebrated men could be justly compared with him for extent of acquisitions. Circumstances which will occur to the considerate lawyer gave him an extraordinary reputation abroad, and that enhanced the weight of his authority at home, but it is highly probable that both Marshall and Kent, reasoning from first principles, grounding their judgments upon the nature of things, will have a more solid and permanent renown.

Story was perhaps too sedulous a student of the tone and tendencies of the day, and his want of decidedness and precision often leaves it extremely doubtful what were his own opinions.

His industry was very great. Doubtless his memory was so retentive that a single and hasty reading was quite sufficient to make him familiar with almost any author. Yet when we remember the extent of the literature of his profession, which is probably twice as great as when Marshall came to the bench, we are struck with the amount of labor necessary to form the most general acquaintance with it. Add to this the number of his works, which are more voluminous* than those of any other lawyer of great eminence, and we cannot understand how he had any leisure for the pursuit of literature or the enjoyment of society. But he was a man of taste, of warm affections, with a wide circle of friends, and of a deep and abiding interest in all the great movements of the people.

During his student life, and soon after he entered upon the practice of the law in Salem, Mr. Story was an occasional writer of verses, and in 1802 he published a didactic poem entitled *The Power of Solitude*, which was reprinted with several miscellaneous pieces in a duodecimo volume of two hundred and fifty pages in 1804. They have very little merit, of any kind, but their composition may have enabled him to acquire something of that copiousness and harmony for which his prose diction is distinguished.

* His written judgments on his own circuit and his various commentaries occupy twenty-seven volumes, and his judgments in the Supreme Court of the United States form an important part of thirty-four volumes.

His principal literary writings are contained in a collection of his discourses, reviews and miscellanies, published in 1835. In this volume are twenty-nine papers, among which are sketches of Samuel Dexter, William Pinkney, Thomas Addis Emmet, John Hooker Ashmun, and Justices Marshall, Trimble, Washington, and Parker; addresses before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and the Essex Historical Society; his contributions to the *North American Review*; and various juridical arguments, and political reports, memorials and speeches.

Judge Story's career was undoubtedly the one in which he was fitted to shine most brightly. With vast learning, strong sense, reasoning powers of a high order, and generally correct taste, we would have been eminently respectable in any field of intellectual exertion; but he had too little both of metaphysical power and imagination to make a deep and lasting impression.

He died, after a short illness, at Cambridge, near Boston, on the tenth of September, 1845, having nearly completed the sixty-ninth year of his age.

ESSAYS.

From the Model American Courier.

NATURE AND ART.

BY LIZZA CLARENCE.

[Concluded.]

THE next morning found her at the side of Mr. Glanville, relating with childish rapture her plans and hopes for the eventful evening. He listened with a pleased smile, only interrupting her to inquire what would be her sister's dress?

"She told me not to mention it," said Kate, "and I will not betray her. I will only say that it will suit her character. But, Mr. Glanville, who is this young Clarence who is soon to make his appearance at Vine Hall? Mamma would like to have him at her ball, and bade me inquire whether he would be in time or not?"

Kate was smoothing the glossy hair of the spaniel, Carlo, as she spoke, or she would have observed the peculiar expression of her companion's face as he replied—"that he would answer for the young man's appearance, so she might tell her mother to expect him."

"It is strange that you never mentioned him to me," resumed Kate, "but I have kept you so constantly employed that you had not time. Do you know that I am sorry he is coming to interrupt our pleasant meetings, which were each one more improving to me than a month's schooling, yet I am selfish to say so, for his presence will be such a gratification to you."

"Not if it deprive me of the pleasure of your company, dear Kate," he answered; "I love you far better than I do him."

"What! though you have known him so long, Mr. Glanville?"

"Yes, though I have known him from a child," he repeated, with a smile.

"But is he not noble and good? He must be if he was reared by you."

"He is just such a being as myself," answered Mr. Glanville.

"Then you should love him, dear sir," said Kate earnestly; "you should love him, for I am certain he loves you."

"Yes, truly, but not so well as I love Kate Richmond. If his presence prevents my seeing you, I will banish him again."

"O, do not—do not," pleaded the young girl, "I would be wretched if such a thing should take place; I would not be cheerful and pleasant any more."

"Then promise me that you will not desert me after he arrives;—promise me that you will not refuse to visit me."

Kate hesitated a moment, and then asked timidly.

"Would that be proper, Mr. Glanville? I know that you would not insist on an imprudent act."

"Proper! dear artless Kate," he exclaimed, warmly, "who would dare question the propriety of your actions? Who would forbid your visits to your old, gouty cousin? I tell you again, if Clarence Glanville, junior, is to prevent our intercourse, I will interdict his appearance. But you shall never see him if you come here, Kate; I will send him from me at the hour when you usually appear, and command him on pain of disinheritance not to intrude. Do you still hesitate?—Then the youth will not be seen at Vine Hall."

Kate was sadly at a loss what to decide; she did not think it would be right to continue her visits after the arrival of the young man, but his uncle would not allow him to come on any other condition. What could she do?

"You know more of the world than I do, Mr. Glanville," she said, at length, "and I know you would not have me act in opposition to its opinions and rules;—if you think I ought to do so, and my mother do not object, I will continue my visits."

"Thank you, dear, generous girl," he exclaimed pressing the little hand she had placed confidingly on his; "but one thing I ask of you—do not mention my request nor your conditional promise until after the arrival of Clarence. He will be here the very day of the ball. And will you not," he added pleadingly, "allow me the pleasure of procuring your dress for that evening? Will you not allow me to select it to please myself? Remember that I cannot be there to see you."

"Why should you prize my society, kind Mr. Glanville," replied Kate, pressing her ruby lips on the hand that still held her own—"when I am only a source of trouble and expense to you?"

"Did I not tell you I loved you better than ought else on earth?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, simply but sincerely, "and so I verily believe I do you!"

His eyes flashed joyfully, and taking both her hands, he exclaimed—

"You love me, Kate? Say that again, for it is the sweetest music I ever heard."

"Certainly, I love you, Mr. Glanville; I do love you dearly. Is it strange, when you have been kinder to me than any other being, and taken such pains to improve me? I will almost despise this new nephew if he keep me away from my best and dearest friend."

"He shall not do it, Kate—he shall not do it! I will send him from me and remain a lone old man the rest of my days, if by that means alone I can keep your friendship."

Kate Richmond on this day lingered longer than usual, and dinner was announced as she rose to depart.

"Come," said Mr. Glanville, "I will not permit you to leave me; if you can partake of a bachelor's fare, you shall dine with me to-day;" and she re-

mained—for the hours sped more joyously in his society than at her own home, and she felt fearful that she would soon be deprived of it. A heavy shower falling in the afternoon, she returned in the carriage of her friend, after promising to return on the morrow.

Four days passed away as usual, each one ushered in with a sigh of regret by Kate, who thus saw the time of her intercourse with Mr. Glanville growing shorter; for her mother had observed one evening after her return from Vine Hall—

"Of course Kate these visits must be discontinued when his nephew arrives."

The fifth morning—the morning before the ball—she went to the house where she had spent so many happy hours, with a heavy heart. The old housekeeper met her at the door, with a face full of importance, and drew her into her own room.

"He is here; young Mr. Glanville is here!" she cried, in an eager tone, "and oh, Miss Kate, what a splendid creature he is! so stately and magnificent! he looks like the Governor, indeed he does—(now this Governor was the possessor of every perfection in Mrs. Hartly's eyes). But I am sorry to tell you that the poor old gentleman is so ill that he could not appear at breakfast, and as no one is ever admitted to his room but his own valet, we cannot say how he looks."

Kate was pale and agitated when she heard this news, and for some time could not find voice to inquire when the stranger arrived.

"Late at night," answered the old woman, "when the whole house was in darkness, and the servants all asleep. He was received by Clerc, my master's valet, and shown into the old man's room. The agitation and surprise caused the sudden illness, I do not doubt."

"Then, as I cannot see him, I will go away," said Kate, sadly; "dear Mrs. Hartly, how can I bear to quit this house, where—"

But the entrance of a servant, bringing a note from Mr. Glanville, interrupted her.

"Dear Kate," it began, "you have doubtless heard of my illness, and the busy-tongued Mrs. Hartly has probably told you of the sudden appearance of her young master—therefore I cannot ask you to see me, for you will not come to my room. It is very provoking, for I had prepared a pleasant surprise for you; but now no one will see the changes of your sweet countenance produced by it, but the good housekeeper. Go with her into the little room you chose on a former occasion for your music room, when in fancy you owned this large mansion, and you will find that the wish then expressed has been gratified—I wished to make my house as attractive as possible, so that you would not altogether withdraw the sunshine of your smile from it. Try the tone of the instrument lately placed there, and when you are ready to go, get into my carriage, which will be at the door, and you will find boxes containing your dress for the evening. I would be willing to lose the use of my eyes for a month, if they could but look upon you to-night; but old, gouty Mr. Glanville would cut a sad figure at a fancy ball. Do not fear that Clarence will intrude on you; he is in my room, and shall not leave it. God bless you, dear, lovely Kate, and may the smile on your sweet face never be changed for a frown at the presence of

"Your sincere and admiring friend,

"C. GLANVILLE."

"I will do as he requests," whispered Kate, with a trembling lip and tearful eye. "Once again I will do my utmost to gratify his noble, generous heart. Why must I be parted from him?"

"You ought not to be, my dear young lady," exclaimed the housekeeper, warmly—"you should not desert him, for I am sure that he would rather lose Master Clarence than you."

She led the way to the music-room as she spoke and there Kate found a small but elegant organ, and a fine large harp, both quite new. The piano stood on the opposite side of the room, a guitar lay on it and a flute, "which the young gentleman had been playing on a few moments before," Mrs. Hartly said.

Kate executed several difficult pieces admirably, and then rising suddenly, with a quick, nervous movement, she took the arm of her companion, and hurried from the room. The carriage was in waiting, and after embracing the weeping housekeeper she entered it. As it rolled beneath the tall gateway, she caught one glimpse of a manly form at a distant window, but it disappeared instantly, and she sunk back sadly upon the cushions to call up the image of Mr. Glanville, and think of the happy days she had spent with him.

Night came on, and brought the fashionables of the town, in their varied fantastic costumes to the house of Mrs. Richmond. All was glitter and mirth; eyes out-flashed the diamonds beside them, and lips out-glowed the rubies; merry voices floated up with the music, and silvery laughter rung upon the air. The light of the chandeliers fell upon groups of beautiful heads, and clusters of graceful figures; novices and charlatans, beggars and nobles of the ancient regime, Turks and priests mingled together. It was a stirring scene, and Kate, who was seated on a sofa at the upper end of the room, delightedly surveying it, felt it so—Her brilliant eyes sparkled, her velvet cheek flushed and her crimson lips parted with a smile, that revealed the rows of small pearly teeth beneath them.

Her dress was magnificent, and did credit to the taste of Mr. Glanville. It was composed of silver threads, woven into rose-colored silk, and displayed the matchless grace of her figure, and the glowing richness of her complexion to perfection. A band of silver and crimson passed over her left shoulder, supporting a quiver of the same precious metal, from which appeared the heads of several arrows.

A bow was held in her right hand, the point of which rested on the floor, and a small crown, of curious workmanship, composed entirely of silver arrows, each set with a large ruby, and ingeniously linked together—was placed on her dark, rich curls. All looked in astonishment as they passed at this beautiful young creature, and many wondered from what quarter of the globe she had come on this occasion—for Kate, though in her native town, had never looked upon half the faces she beheld that night. She did not regret that she was left alone, as one more experienced would have done, but secretly rejoiced at the occurrence. How delightful it was to sit where she was, and listen to the jests, the laughable remarks, the witty challenge, and gay repartee, undisturbed by any of the crowd! But she was not to enjoy this luxury long. A tall, handsome man, attired as Eudymion, detached himself from the throng, and slowly approached her. A strange feeling came up to her heart as she looked on his broad, fine forehead,

shaded by masses of dark wavy hair, contrasting well with its pure whiteness; but she started in surprise, and dropped the deadly weapon from her hand, when she met the fixed gaze of his deep, midnight eyes. He approached quietly, and dropping gracefully on one knee, said—

"You did well to cast aside the bow, and leave the arrows in their quiver, most beauteous Diana, for the glances of your radiant eyes are far more fatal."

The sound of his deep-toned voice, and, above all, the dazzling smile that lit up his whole face as he ceased speaking, convinced Kate, and extending her hand, she exclaimed, in a voice of earnest pleasantness—

"You are the young Clarence Glanville! I recognise the deep eyes and peculiar smile of your uncle—they could belong to no one else!"

"And you?" he returned, bending low over the slight fingers that clasped his own—"you are the peerless Kate Richmond. I recognise the matchless person, the winning grace of the invalid's idol, they could belong to no one else."

"Is dear Mr. Glanville better—is he well?" inquired Kate, hastily, for the blood had rushed violently to her face, and she did not desire another compliment. Strange girl!

"He is as well as he can be," replied the young man, earnestly, "after a whole day spent away from you. Do you know, Miss Richmond, what a strong, undying affection you have created in his heart? I verily believe he cannot exist if you absent yourself from him—if you refuse to see him. Though I will not deceive you by saying that your presence would save him, I think the old, solitary, companionless man will soon be no more."

Kate turned very pale, and the tears rushed to her eyes, but, staying her emotion with a great effort, she whispered to Clarence—

"Lead me from the room to the balcony, for I am unable to bear the bustle of this scene."

He silently drew her hand within his arm, and not a word was spoken until they stood together on the balcony overlooking the garden. He then said, in a low voice—

"I am sorry I alarmed you, Miss Richmond, but I was not aware that the feeling you had inspired in Mr. Glanville was mutual."

"It is my misfortune," replied Kate, sadly, "to have been loved by few, though I have always prized the affection—of a dog. Is it wonderful then that the friendship of one so gifted and noble should have sunk deeply into my heart? He thought kindly of me, and I was warmly grateful for such condescension."

"Condescension!" echoed Clarence; "do you call it condescension, Miss Richmond, to feel the value of excellence like yours?—to wish to be the first to leave an impression on the unwritten pages of a heart such as yours? Mr. Glanville is grateful for your condescension in visiting him in solitude, and making his loneliness cheerful."

"He is ill—very ill," said Kate, thoughtfully, "and you do not think he will recover. Does he ever speak of me, or desire to see me?"

"Speak of you, Miss Richmond!—he thinks only of you, and would give a month of his life to be with you for an hour. I understand your hesitation—your reluctance; but you need not fear, you shall not be interrupted while with your friend."

"Thank you—thank you, Mr Glanville!" exclaimed Kate, gratefully, "I know that you will not mistake me, and I will visit my instructor—my benefactor shall I not call him?—with delight. Bear him a message from me—tell him that I will see him to-morrow, in our favorite room—that I may again thank him personally for his kindness. You do not know how much I owe him—" and then, in her own glowing language and enthusiastic manner, she related her first interview with the owner of Vine Hall, and all his subsequent attention.

An hour flew away imperceptibly, and when at last a young whiskerando came at her mother's request to search for her, she heard his summons with a half audible sigh.

"How can it be that you have escaped the influence of the fairy queen?" lisped the perfumed dandy to Clarence, to whom Kate had introduced him.

"Do you not see," asked Glanville, "that I am a worshipper of the hunter-goddess, and therefore superior to fairy charms?"

His interrogator simpered, and led the way back to the saloon, while Kate mischievously whispered that she verily believed he was puzzled by that retort, and wondered if he had ever read the fable of the jackdaw in the stolen feathers!

The evening passed swiftly; the young West Indian remained at the side of Kate Richmond, although a report, circulated during the evening that he had recovered the immense property in the Islands, had made mammae and daughters smile complaisantly on him. As he bade her good night when the guests were departing, he whispered:

"Do not forget your promise: your old friend will expect you in the morning."

"Do you think I will forget?" she asked; "would you forget an hour to be spent in the society of one you love, of one who loves you?"

"No!" he replied emphatically, and, with a low obeisance, departed.

True to her promise, the morrow found her in the library of Vine Hall, waiting somewhat anxiously the appearance of Mr. Glanville, who, to her disappointment, was not present to receive her. He came in a few moments, however, slower, more feebly than usual, and the tears almost blinded her as she watched his dragging footsteps. Advancing to meet him, she took his hand, and said:

"I am afraid you are exerting yourself too much to gratify me. This effort may injure you."

"No, no, sweet Kate," he replied, pausing to contemplate her bright face, "I will be better, much better for seeing you. You still, I find, wear the winning expression that so captivated Clarence last. How did it happen that the dreaded stranger gained so rapidly on your good opinion that you could even trust him with the secret of your visits?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Kate; "but there was a look about him that won my confidence.—He is so like you—his eyes are your own, and his smile just the same—frank and ingenuous."

"You are complimentary!" said her companion, with a laugh.

"Yes, to both; for I do not think you have done each other justice. You would not praise your nephew, and when I mentioned his uncle to him he would only talk—"

"Of you," interrupted Mr. Glanville; "well, I cannot blame him for that; I am willing to give

place to a rival so good and beautiful. But what do you think of the gay world from the bird's eye view you have had of it?"

"Oh, all things appeared well enough!" she answered, "but I am happier in this room with only you. Your nephew seemed so pleasant because he talked of you."

"And only because he talked of me?" questioned Mr. Glanville, archly; "he would not give you one of his Parisian bows for that." Kate was pulling a rose to pieces, and did not reply, but he smiled as he saw the rich glow on her cheek.—"How did you become known to each other?" he added.

"He spoke to me," she returned, "and I recognized his eyes and smile; he resembles you."

"But how did he find you out?"

"You described my dress to him, I suppose; or he questioned some one as to the rightful appellation of the little neglected goddess in the corner, and pitied her forlorn condition."

"But he seemed glad to become one of her worshippers," said the gentleman; "was he not by your side all the evening?"

"I believe so; I do not recollect any one else."

"And he," continued Mr. Glanville, "did not even observe your beautiful sister. He cannot tell me whether her eyes are black or blue."

"Oh, they are blue, clear, heavenly blue!" exclaimed Kate, warmly; "I wondered, with Mr. Whately, how he could resist her charms."

"And he wondered with me how any one could prefer the beautiful automaton to the breathing, speaking soul of loveliness! He thought you more fascinating than the perfect Virginia, Kate."

She was about to reply, but a noise at the open window arrested her attention, and a moment after a large parrot flew into the room. Overjoyed at finding itself in the presence of its mistress, it circled wildly around, and then swept down, and perched itself with a chatter of delight on the grey head of Mr. Glanville.

"Do not struggle, sir, I will release you," cried Kate, rising hastily, and advancing toward him: "Come, Poll, pretty Poll!"

But the bird disregarding her coaxing attitude and extended hand, wilfully kept his station until she attempted to remove him from it, when, with a scream he darted away, bearing the white wig of her unfortunate friend in his clutches. Kate followed him with her eyes, saw him settle on the top of the book ladder, and heard him shrilly repeat his latest lesson: "Kate, Kate, look at Poll; praise me, Kate!"—then turned with a half vexed, half-merry manner to her companion. He had thrown his white handkerchief over his head, and was sitting with his face buried in his hands, but some sounds that reached her convinced her that he was yielding to the mirth caused by his own ludicrous misfortune; so sinking on a stool beside him, her silvery laughter joined with his, and rang through the whole apartment, echoed faithfully by the mischief-making bird. But she checked herself immediately, and exclaimed:

"This will never do; Poll is demolishing your poor wig, Mr. Glanville. Shall I call some one to rescue it?"

Before he could reply, the parrot, well pleased with such rare sport, sallied down again, and seizing the 'kerchief, bore it away in triumph, thus leaving his head displayed—not as Kate had supposed it,

bare and naked, but covered with short, loose curls, of rich, dark hair. She started up in surprise, and fixed a look of astonishment on him, but he quietly removed his venerable beard, threw down the crutch he had placed near him, elevated his bent form to its natural, lofty proportions, and smoothed his broad forehead until it became unruffled and calm as her own.

"Great Heavens!" she ejaculated, when, as a finishing stroke, he rose up and cast aside the heavy wadded morning gown, that had covered his fashionable clothes, and she recognized Clarence Glanville, her companion of the previous evening.

"Yes, lady," he said, with a gay laugh, "were it not for this horrid dye on my cheek I might now exclaim, 'Richard's himself again.' Behold uncle and nephew merged in one; behold the warm friend, the ardent admirer, changed into the true, devoted, unalterable lover." The last words were uttered in a tone of deep feeling, and when Kate looked up and met the deep, dark eyes, with whose expression she was so familiar, she could not doubt his assertion. Glancing round on gown and crutch, 'kerchief and wig, she looked again at his changed appearance, and then, as any child of her temperament would have done, indulged in a second and more unrestrained peal of laughter. Glanville merrily joined her, declaring with a shrug of the shoulders, that the disguise had cost him many an hour of painful thought, that his part had been a laborious one, and he surely deserved praise for sustaining it so well. These words recalled Kate, and with a mingled feeling of shame and vexation, she rose from her seat, retreated a few steps from him, and with a crimson cheek, said:

"You do deserve praise, Mr. Glanville, for your inimitable acting; it deceived me completely—but I am thankful for the accident that removed the mask and revealed the duplicity by which I had been duped. I regret that it continued so long; I was weak to suffer it; I should have known that my trust in my friend, my affection for my instructor, was but a day-dream, too bright for reality;—I should not have forgotten that it was my fate to be unloved, unappreciated."

Her voice faltered, and she turned away her face to conceal the tears that strained over it.—Her companion looked on her hesitatingly for a little while, but at length advanced on her side.

"Kate, dearest Kate," he said, in a low, saddened tone, "do not turn from me thus. I have offended you and deserve your anger, but do not let me witness your distress—do not condemn me unheard. I have ever treated you with the utmost respect, and not with the familiarity that my assumed character would have excused. You cannot complain of me in this particular. It was foolish, I confess, but the disguise was not adopted for the sole purpose of deceiving you. It was a whim indulged in thoughtlessly for a moment, but when I saw you so artless, warm-hearted, and loveable, the desire to study such a heart more closely, to look into such a mind more deeply, was irresistible. I was not deceived by you; you fulfilled the promise of your first appearance, the character seemingly so light and transparent, has unfolded on a nearer view into something so rich and wonderful that my eyes have been dazzled by the inspection."

Kate turned to him slowly, and a smile but ill-suppressed trembled at the corners of her little,

merry mouth, and large, dancing eyes, as she replied :—

" Do you think to please me, Sir Deceiver, by flattery ? If you have studied my character so closely, you should know that I only listen to my own praises when I can return every compliment to their bestower."

" Sneer if you will," he answered, seriously, " I can bear anything but that look of distress. Say that you forgive me, Kate—dear generous Kate ! —and I will never deceive you again."

" What ! give you my pardon before you have explained your conduct, or offered an apology for the offence ! No, sir, let me hear your reasons for the deception, and I will then decide on the punishment."

" Any punishment will be light, save banishment from your presence ; do not condemn me to that."

" Do you wish me to visit you as usual ?" asked Kate demurely.

" No, sweet Kate, but I wish permission to visit you ; and perhaps," he added emphatically, " I will even ask for your presence again in this house which has been so often blessed by it. Sit by me, Kate, as you would have done two days ago, and listen to me for a moment. I am not what I appeared, and perhaps you doubt the existence of an old Mr. Glanville. But he is living, and you will love him well ; old, gouty, and merry-hearted, a Chesterfield in manner, a Bayard in character.—He loves me like a son, and I feel toward him as I would for a father. I was left an orphan at an early age ; he adopted me, educated, and will make me his heir. My father was the only son of the former owner of this mansion, Governor Ashton, but was disinherited by him on account of his marriage with my mother. They removed to the West Indies, at the request of my uncle, with whom they resided until six years after my birth, when they died within two days of each other.—Mr. Glanville then gave me his name, and I have ever since lived with him. I was absent on a tour through Europe when news was received of the death of my grandfather, who had never seen or communicated with his son since their separation. His property was all willed to benevolent societies, charitable institutions, and orphan asylums, while the claims of his only child were disregarded. This noble mansion was to be sold, and as my uncle desired to return to his native land, he purchased and bestowed it on me.

" When I arrived at my West Indian home, after a hurried journey from Italy, he had already disposed of his immense possessions, and was anxious to set out for this place. I preceded him by a few days, the arrange the house for his reception, but a violent attack of illness detained him for several weeks longer. It was night when I entered Vine Hall, and being too much fatigued to meet the servants, I retired immediately, leaving my valet to answer their questions concerning their new master. The next morning he laughingly told me that he had described me as an old, gouty man, like the elder Mr. Glanville, and doubtless they would be surprised to see me. He added that the housekeeper had expressed great fears lest a young friend of hers who had visited the library every day should come in unexpectedly and displease the whimsical old gentleman. I inquired the name of the fair stranger, and was informed

that it was Richmond. I had heard of your sister, Kate, and longed to see the celebrated beauty, and discover if her mind resembled her lovely person.—Accordingly, I arrayed myself as you first beheld me, in a wig and beard, which Clerc had procured for himself during the Carnival at Rome, in morning gown, cap, and slippers, and sought the room where you were when the sound of your sweet voice struck on my ear. The first glance convinced me that the wild, fascinating, child-like being before me was not the famous belle, and a few moments' conversation drove her entirely from my mind. You know all that has occurred since that time, and if you can forgive the deception I have practised, I will never offend again ; you shall never complain of me."

" But how am I to extricate myself from the difficulties into which you have thrown me ?" asked Kate. " What will the world say, when it is known that I have visited the nephew daily since his return ?"

" I should have told you," resumed her companion, " that my uncle arrived the night before the ball, much better than he has been for years. I told him of the part I was acting and begged him to humor it for a few days. He consented to remain in his room under plea of indisposition, until I had determined on a plan to pursue. I wished to reveal the secret to you, but I feared to do so suddenly, lest your displeasure should fall on the deceiver. It has done so ; but I augur bright things from that now unclouded brow and sparkling eye. Have you forgiven me, dear Kate ? and will you listen to the communication I have yet to make ?"

Kate held out her hand with a smile and a blush, and it was pressed to the lips of the young West Indian.

" This little hand," he continued, retaining it in his clasp, " is dearer to me than aught else on earth. Will you give me a right to call it my own, Kate ? Will you accept the heart of Clarence Glanville, and give him your own in return ?"

Kate trembled, and for a moment could not reply : when she did her voice was unsteady.

" I am a child, Mr. Glanville, an ignorant, thoughtless child ; my education is unfinished, my manners unformed, my—"

" You are repeating one of Virginia's lectures," interrupted her companion ; " speak, sweet Kate as your own excellent sense and judgement direct ; but remember that you have already chosen me for your instructor."

" And will you still continue to act as schoolmaster ?" she inquired, archly.

" No, dearest ; but we will study together ;—we will visit foreign countries together, and view the remains of their ancient grandeur and glory ; we will store our minds with all that is useful and good ; so that when we come back to our home, all will bless our return. Do you wish it, Kate—will it make you happier ?"

" What do you mean, Mr. Glanville ?" she asked tremulously ; it will make me very unhappy to be separated from you."

" Then be my wife, Kate—my own dear wife, and we will never be parted again. Why should you not consent, when a separation will render us both miserable ? I will go away from this beautiful country, and you—oh, you, in a few years will

forget the lover of your youth, and marry another !"

" Never !" exclaimed Kate, vehemently ; " I will never marry any one but you." Then after a moment's pause, she added, gaily—" What would my mother or Virginia say to hear me talk thus ?"

" That you were too young, perhaps," said Clarence, in the same tone, " but when I tell them that I will take you to France and Italy to complete your studies, they cannot object. But I hear my uncle's脚步 ; he is impatient to see you ; do not be agitated, for he will love you like a father."

An elderly man, slightly lame, entered ; his face gave promise of a refined mind, extreme benevolence and much warmth of feeling—his eyes resembled Clarence's, and his countenance wore the same magic smile. His reception of Kate was cordially affectionate—he thanked her for her kindness to his nephew, and blessed them with paternal tenderness. When she left Vine Hall, she felt for him as on a former occasion for the present companion of her walk ;—and when she looked up at the stately form by her side, and thought of his deep affection for her, and the happiness he had promised her in future, the tears came into her eyes and almost fell upon her cheek. Mrs. Richmond and Virginia had spent the morning in talking over the late " fortunate occurrences," to wit the proposal of Mr. Roseman, the reputed millionaire, (alas ! only reputed,) for the elder sister : and the evident admiration of young Glanville for Kate.

" You at Woodbine Villa and your sister at Vine Hall !" the mother was just exclaiming, as her younger daughter entered with the handsome West Indian.

He had overheard her exclamation, and it gave him courage to make the revelation he wished. It was received favorably, and when he joined his uncle, he smilingly informed him that one month more would give him Kate forever.

On the same evening the sisters were united ;—one to her dandy-lover, and the other to her tutor-husband, as she afterwards playfully called him. Glanville took his bride on the promised tour to the olden world, and three years elapsed before their return. When they came at last, her former friends found Kate Glanville unchanged in heart and affection—but more beautiful in person ; more polished in manners ; more refined in taste and intellect. She became the idol of old Mr. Glanville, the delight of Mrs. Richmond, and the admiration of all who knew her ;—while Virginia, whose ill-temper and extravagance had broken her fortune, and separated her from her foppish husband, lived on selfish, envious, repining—a burden to herself and to her friends.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

OR
Marrying for Money.

It was a calm, clear and beautiful evening. Ellen P—— and myself had long been strolling up and down the seashore, but were now reclining upon a moss covered rock. No noise disturbed the stillness, save the wild roar of the Atlantic, its

RURAL REPOSITORY.

waves, pealing forth their never ending requiems, as they burst upon the distant beach. The waters of our beautiful harbor lay placidly at our feet, while numerous vessels were reposing lazily upon its pure, and sparkling bosom. The happy boatmen were plying their oars, merrily keeping time with their native wild song. The moon threw forth her silvery light, and the stars smiled from the canopy of heaven upon the happy scene below.

My friend, in a voice that startled me, broke the stillness. "Isabel," said she, "dost thou see those ships, lying side by side upon yon ocean? I have watched them closely for the last two weeks. They have been preparing for a long and perilous journey. One has been carefully repaired, regardless of external appearance, while the other has been newly painted and made beautiful to the eye, but not fitted to encounter storms and tempests. To-day they commenced their voyage, and like two happy brides sailed down this harbor and launched proudly forth upon the waters of the broad Atlantic. Something there impedes their progress, and methinks I now see the dark cloud rising which is to crush the frail structure of one, while the other will ride proudly on, unscared by the tempest blast."

"You talk strangely Ellen," I replied, "why are you so interested in the fate of those two ships?"

Hear me, Isabel, to-morrow as you well know, is our wedding day. Hitherto our lives have been one. On the morrow we separate. Our existence will be changed. We shall commence new lives, among strange scenes. A fanciful idea has taken possession of my brain. You will laugh, Isabel, when I tell you that I think the fates of those ships, are in some way connected with our own. Now do not call me silly, for the similitude strikes me forcibly. Like those ships we have been carefully nurtured and instructed. Our path of duty has been plainly spread out before us by the hand of maternal affection. Within this little haven we have always rested peacefully. To morrow we commence the voyage of real life. Your sphere of action will be different from mine, but storms and trials will come to both. You will rise superior to them. As you ship rides fearlessly over the wave, so will you, relying on your own energies, rise triumphantly over all the ills of human life. But with me, I feel it will be different. I cannot retire within myself for consolation. In any trouble I must have some strong arm on which to lean—some pure, bright spirit to guide me in my higher, holier duties. I am sad Isabel—very, very sad."

"You are excited Ellen. Imagination I fear has been to active. Even now, your hands are burning with fever? True we cannot expect our paths to be always strewn with flowers. To appearances yours will be far less thorny than mine. You are young. You possess beauty and talents and will soon be surrounded with all the gayety and splendor of wealth. You will travel and see the different nations of the world. Your society will be courted by the rich and fashionable and what can there be lacking to complete your happiness?"

"Ah! Isabel, you know my motive for marrying, and although you do not chide me, I know you do not approve. I do not approve my own conduct. I wish to hide from myself. But you do not know me Bell. From early childhood wealth has been the desire of my heart. It has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. Gold! Gold! Gold! has filled my

dreams by night, and my thoughts by day. I have known this to be wrong and have tried to overcome this passion for wealth. It is now too late. It has become a pest of my being my living self.

"Born of poor parents I have known the only way to obtain my soul's desire was by marrying. When this opportunity offered itself, how could I resist the temptation?

"It is true, I do not behold in Edwin H.—all that is altogether lovely. I do not love him as I ought, but if he has that affection for me which he professes, I am inclined to believe that by precept and example I may reform his wild habit and perhaps he will become even all that *you* could wish him to be."

"I would be the last one to upbraid you, my dear Ellen, but think well before you take this important step. Remember it is not for a day, or a year, but for life. It is not too late now to prevent this union. Ponder it well and ere to-morrow's dawn you may become a free and happy woman."

"No Isabel I have chosen my own path and must abide by that decision. But hark! hear the noise of the elements. The waters are troubled and a cloud in fast approaching. My predicted storm is near." She heard a sort of shuddering sigh and seizing my hand, we hastened homeward. As I kissed her cheek at parting, I noticed it was cold and pale. I sighed, as her future life passed before me. I retired to my room but not to rest.—Till long after mid-night, I paced my little chamber listening to the wild tumult of the dreadful storm without. Loud peals of thunder reverberated through the heavens, succeeded by the angry roar of the Atlantic while the vivid flashes of lightning, lit up the sublimely terrific scene. This was a night long to be remembered. The storm lasted until a late hour then gradually subsided.

The following morn was clear and beautiful. I was awakened at an early hour by the sweet carolling of the birds under my window. But little remained to remind one of the preceding storm. The rain yet stood upon the half open rose-bud. All nature looked gay and even the angry waters were now sparkling in the sunbeams.

At an early hour Ellen and myself met at the sacred alter and there promised solemnly to love, to honor and obey. We embraced as brides but ere we parted, news came, that the beautiful ship S— was lying upon the shore a shapeless wreck. Ellen received this news in silence though her face was ashy pale and her cold lips bloodless.

We left our lovely sea-side homes. She to make a tour through Europe and I to the cottage in a distant town which had been prepared for my reception. Five years passed and we met again.—It was during a recent journey that I passed through the city in which she resided. I had been informed that she was very ill, but did not expect to see so great a change. And yet how lovely she was even on her death-bed. Reclining on her snowy pillows, her dark hair parted and combed smoothly o'er her lofty forehead—she looked indeed the emblem of purity and innocence. How my heart yearned towards her, as I took that thin white hand within my own, and gazed for the last time into those dark blue orbs, which had lost none of their brilliancy.

She was surrounded by wealth. Yes, gorgeous were the trappings of her death bed and contrasting strangely with her pale sad face. Her coun-

tenance warmed and glowed, as we spoke of our past life—our childhood's days.

She did not tell me, neither could I ask her to give me the history of her married life. From others I had the sad tale. Nearly four years were passed in Europe. During that time her husband was not at loss for company and associates. Night after night was poor Ellen left alone among strangers to the silent musings of her own heart. But through all this, the hope of meeting her parents still buoyed her up. In her mother's gentle bosom would she find sympathy and consolation. She could there rest her weary head in peace. Alas, this boon was denied. Long before she reached her native country, her parents slept beneath the silent earth, and the home of her childhood had passed into the hands of strangers. This blow nearly prostrated her. Long and bitterly did she mourn over the graves of her parents. She must now leave the beloved spot and go to her husband's friends. By them she was received with cold politeness, withering to her already wounded heart. Her melancholy beauty attracted the attention of all eyes, in the sphere in which she now moved. The gay and the fashionable sought her society, but this was naught to her. Their hollow tones were mockery in her ears. She wished for death, and sickness soon brought her to the brink of the grave. Fever succeeded fever, until she was brought to the low state in which I found her. Her disease was called consumption. It was indeed consumption of her heart, of her affections, her very being. A few weeks since, I heard that she was no more. Her weary spirit had fled to heaven. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Hudson, Feb. 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

A DAY SERMON, NO. 1.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

The love of money is the root of all evil.—*2. Tim. vi. 10.*

Most persons seem to consider life to be something like a champagne bottle, opened merely for animal enjoyment, riot, and pleasure, and thrown carelessly aside when despoiled of its contents.—To-day a jolly wassail in an oyster cellar; to-morrow a nice little pic-nic party in a grave yard. They seem to think it their duty to ENJOY as long as there is a muscle to play, a nerve to thrill, a vein to throb—ENJOY till every sinew is unstrung, the voice cracked and broken, the blood stagnated! and at last, when they can enjoy no longer, creep into a warm, comfortable, handsome, six feet long by four wide, wrapt themselves in a nice sheet of white and tell the worms—those hungry gleaners of the scraps of life—to come to the banquet.

By this means and to this end, money exercises the most complete sovereignty over the mind and manners of mankind. No place is too sacred, no atmosphere too holy, no dungeon too dark, no labyrinth too intricate for it to enter. It coils its slimy folds around the sacred pulpit and hisses in the parson's sermon—ghost-like it peers from 'neath the bridal veil—it sings a terrible lullaby over the cradle and rattles mid the screws of the coffin lid—with a word it lures the priest from the altar—with a touch sullies the ermine of justice, dethrones tyrants, subverts nations, blights peace, destroys love, breeds hatred, hatches meanness, sullies purity, and murders innocence—it unsexes sexes,

withers the bloom of youth, sears the brow of manhood, sows grey hairs and furnishes food for the worms.

We shudder at the awful ravages of the Cholera, tremble at the approach of famine, yet look with calm complacency, upon the pestilential malaia now sweeping over the country. How many hopes will be blighted, how many ties sundered, how many vices engendered, how much misery produced by the workings of this fearful infatuation among us. We have heard of the deadly venom which the Indian King extracts from the bag of the cobra de capello—a poison for which no antidote is known and which no skill can detect—yet a poison equally deadly has already fastened its fangs upon our vitals.

There is sweeter music to hush the rising passion and cheer the drooping heart than the clink of gold and silver. There are richer treasures to be obtained than all the shining "placers" in California! This earth jeweled with souls and warm with generous hearts, was made for us. Her sunny mountains and luxuriant plains were made for our enjoyment. Her breezes, her streams, her birds will sing our lullaby and her warm breast give us nourishment. The little flower, the useful plant, the giant oak are absolutely the richest treasures she can yield us.

Then, let us live peaceful, contented and happy, let us be honest, frugal, temperate and industrious and so live that when we come to "shuffle off this mortal coil" 'twill be, "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Fulton, N. Y.

MISCELLANY.

REMEDIES.

For a fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of Idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak to the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail and you will be convinced—

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Mest be equent to die forlorn.

For a fit of Ambition.—Go into the church yard and read the grave stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

For a fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, afflicted and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of Despondence.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or mind; whether they are a burden to the shoulders, the head or the

heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thee."

HOW TO STAY LATE.

AT a late ball in Paris, a very stout gentleman proprietor of a bad catarrh and a very charming wife, insisted very inconveniently (at the close of a polka in which the latter's breast-pin was quite too intimately made acquainted with the waistcoat-buttons of a very nice young man) that Madame should take leave, and return to the less objectionable bosom of her family.

"Never mind," she said to her partner, "invite me to dance the next quadrille all the same. I will find a way to stay for it!"

Slipping out while the sets were forming, she went into the gentlemen's dressing-room, found her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window.—Then returning and requesting her spouse to first find his hat and call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be recovered.

OLD BUT GOOD.

SOME years ago, a lady noticing a neighbor of hers was not in her seat at church one Sabbath, called, on her return home, to inquire what should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house, she found the family busily at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her:

"Why, la! where have you been to-day, dressed up in your sabbath clothes?"

"To meeting?"

"Why, what day is it?"

"Sabbath day!"

"Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath day! Well, I didn't know; for my husband has got so plaguy stingy, he won't take the papers now and we can't know nothing."

To Young Ladies.—I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the society of the ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of assurance, whose tongues are highly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action towards them: and respectful is usually distant action, and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect or want of interest.—Addison.

"CÆSAR," said a negro to a colored friend of his, "which do you tink is de most useful ob de comets de sun or de moon?"

"Well, Clem, I don't tink I should be able to answer dat question, seein' as how I neber had much book larnin'."

"Well, Cæsar, I 'spect de moon orter take de fust rank in dat pertickelar."

"Why so, nigah!"

"Bekase, de moon shine in de night when we need de light, and de sun shines in de day time when de light am no consequence."

"Well, Clem, you is de most larned darkey I seed, I guess you used to sweep out a school house for a libin'."

ELOQUENCE.

"GENTLEMAN of the jury," said a western lawyer, "you are met here on one of the most solemn occasions that ever happened since I had a brief. The defendant, a stout able-bodied man, rushed like an assassin upon client, who is a frail young woman; and why did not the thunders blast him when he stooped towards her, stretched forth his arms like the forked lightning of Jupiter, and gave her a kiss on the mouth?"

"Did you hurt?" said a Patlander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two story house. "Not in the least, honey, 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

A GOOD ANSWER.—"What shall I do," said a liquor seller to a temperance lecturer, "if I quit selling rum?" "Go into the poor house" said the lecturer, "and be supported, there, and let the poor you have made paupers, come out."

"WERE you ever cross questioned?" "Yes when questioned by my wife, after spending the evening abroad—cross enough in all conscience."

THE friendship of some people is like our shadow keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

"JIMMY, what is a member of Congress?" "A member of Congress is a common substantive, agreeing with self-interest, and is governed by eight dollars a day."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. S. L. Halls Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00; W. K. Warren, \$3.12 $\frac{1}{2}$; D. B. N. Rose Cottage, Mi. \$5.00; S. H. Allen's Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; G. H. C. Croton Falls, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 1st inst. by Rev. G. Collins, Mr. James M. Miller, to Ann Eliza Shufelt, both of Hillsdale.

At Taghkanic on the 20th ult. by the Rev. P. Van Wyck, Mr. Edwin Miller, of Greenport, to Miss Sarah E. Best, of the former place.

At North East, on the 15th inst. by C. Patterson, Esq. George A. Kline of Pine Plains, to Susannah Johnson, of Ancram, Columbia county.

At Pine Plains, on the 19th ult. by Rev. Joseph P. Breed, Mr. Jonathan Chapman, of Great Barrington, to Miss Catharine Cooper, of Copake.

In Mellenville, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. John S. Waltermyer, of Troy, to Miss Prudence M. Wagner, of Ghent.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 20th ult. Mrs. Fernelia Humphrey widow of the late David Humphrey, in the 85th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Mr. William Waldo, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Ann Eliza, wife of William Lapham, and daughter of Jehoikim A. and Orrinda Van Valkenburgh, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 28th ult. Cornelius Richards, daughter of William H. and Emma R. Jessup, aged 3 years.

On the 28th ult. after a short illness Mrs. Elizabeth wife of John T. Everts, aged 69 years.

On the 13th inst. Harriet Louise, only child of Henry and Harriet E. Long, aged 6 years.

At Claverack, on the 3d inst. Mrs. Mimi Stannard, wife of E. W. Stannard.

At Claverack, on the 3d inst. Elizabeth, wife of Abraham C. Fonda, in the 66th year of her age.

At Ghent, on the 19th ult. William Deyo, in his 75th year.

At Nantucket, on the 25th ult. Capt. Johnathan Colerworthy, aged 73 years and 7 months. On the 27th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth E. Gardner, widow of Anson Gardner, aged 77 years and 7 months.

At Geneva, Kane County, Illinois, on the 12th ult. Caroline Adelia, daughter of Edward and Maria Bunker, aged 10 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. L. A. BROCKSBANK.

"Hope is a phantom, and friendship a dream." LIFE bath its day-dreams—in the spring-time of youth, E'en Fiction robed in the vestments of Truth— We deem all substantial that lovely appears, As a bow, formed by sunbeams smiling on tears.

We enter the gardens of pleasure, and there Phantom Hope bears a garland so tempting and rare, We bow at her shrine heartfelt homage to pay, When she crowns her own brow, and sour far, far away. —Grown wiser, we turn from the sunbeams and flowers, For pleasure more lasting in Friendship's fair bower, Sweet incense we burn (while respect feeds the flame) On the altar of Friendship—unknown but in name.

Unknown but in name?—yes—and start not fond youth; —List ye a moment to the echoes of truth, From tombstone to heart its vibrations rebound— Pure friendship ne'er thrives upon sin-smitten ground.

Ah! true;—we can love, if our love is repaid us, Few, on that score, would presume to upbraid us, But show us the heart that can love all the same In joy and in sorrow, in guilt and in shame.

The bosom companion, and kindred by blood Are one, as it were, by the mandate of God, This natural affection—this second-self-love, Is the day-star of life, that beams from above.

But show me—ah, show me a being 'neath heaven, —Can bless him that curses—forgive "seventy times seven," —Can proffer his purse to a stranger in sorrow, Nor boast of the deed e'er sunrise to-morrow.

Say—wouldst thou have friends?—then show thyself friendly Just unglove the hand, and greet them most blandly— Give a grand entertainment—throw open thy doors, And friends will flock 'round thee by tens, and by scores.

Shouldst thy purse feel light, as assuredly it will, After counting the cost, and paying the bill, Ne'er whisper the fact—it would be hard to keep cool, Were the friends thou hadst feasted to call thee a "fool."

The monarch has friends, while his kingdom is sure, While sceptre he sways, and his crown is secure, But should his throne totter!—his visage they scan, And would you believe it?—they "know not the man."

The Savior, who left his bright mansions of light, And bore his own cross up rude Calvary's height, Had friends, while glory surrounded his head, But when crowned with thorns, they "forsook him and fled."

Yes—friendship, true friendship, is rare upon earth, An exotic, methinks, of Celestial birth— The plant is immortal—its root ne'er may die It may bud here below, but must blossom on high.

Hudson, Feb. 1849.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

MAN'S JUDGEMENT.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

Who art thou, that judgest another?—JAMES IV, 12.

UNCURL that look of scornful pride; Unbend that haughty brow! The censor's part, though bravely played, Doth ill become thee now. What hast thou heard? A tale of want And mournful wretchedness. Of one who yielded in that hour Of hopeless—wild distress.

There came to him in friendly guise, But with a sophist's art, One who appealed to every chord Of that poor, bruised heart; And in the twilight of despair, Confounding wrong with right, He ceased to pray for strength to cope With foul temptation's might.

And he hath erred—past hope of heaven, So thou hast rashly said, A sentence of dark banishment Pronouncing—in God's stead. Faith, Hope may be thy guiding stars, But Charity is kind, And her sweet influence is not felt On thy relentless mind.

Through all thy life, hath every fault Been checked by strong control? Forgettest thou the sins which lie So heavy on thy soul? There is one Judge who knows no sin, Let Him the guilt decree; He may absolve the erring one, While He condemmeth thee.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE ANGEL OF OUR HOME.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

We have an angel in our home, A bright and happy one, With hair as golden as the clouds Around the setting sun; Her eyes are like the stars that gem The beauty of the night. And over all her face they shed An exquisite delight!

We have an angel in our home, And lovingly at morn She twines her rosy arms about Our little eldest born: To say we love her would but ill Our feelings fond express; We gaze upon her and we feel A wealth of tenderness.

We have an angel in our home, And ev'ry evening we Have taught her in sweet trustfulness To bend the willing knee; And thus we have a blessedness Beneath our humble dome— Our little winsome baby girl, The angel of our home.

Such is the angel of our home, The bright and happy one, With hair as golden as the clouds Around the setting sun. Then wonder not if we should pray Beneath our humble dome, That God in mercy bless alway The angel of our home!

ADVICE TO WIVES.

LOVE is fickle, sages say

Beauty cannot hold him; Love will steal himself away, Maidens, if you scold him. Love, he will not live with strife, Even turns from beauty, If the lady plagues his life With her household duty.

You can have him in your power Ladies, if you try it; Use him as you won him first, Love, he can't deny it. Do not fret, and scold, and pout. Aggravating trouble; Beauty kicking up a rout, Makes misfortune double.

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